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DON QUIXOTE

I N

E N G L A N D.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE in the *Hay-Market*.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

————— *facile quis*
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que labore,
Ausus idem ————— Hor.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLIV.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

DON QUIXOTE

IN

A

COMEDY

BY

NEW YORK



NEW YORK

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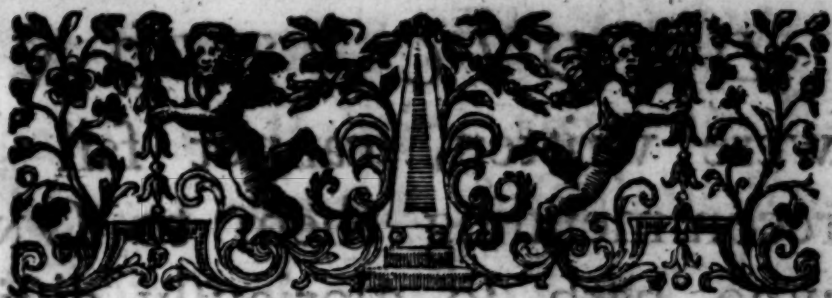
NEW YORK

NEW YORK

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NEW YORK



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P

EARL of CHESTERFIELD,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the

GARTER.

MY LORD,



OWEVER unwor-
thy these Scenes
may be of Your
LORDSHIP'S Pro-
tection, the Design
with which some of them

A 2

were

DEDICATION.

were written, cannot fail of recommending them to ONE who hath so gloriously distinguished Himself in the Cause of Liberty, to which the Corruption I have here endeavoured to expose, may one Day be a very fatal Enemy.

The Freedom of the Stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for, as that of the Press. It is the Opinion of an Author well known to Your LORDSHIP, that Examples work quicker and stronger on the Minds of Men than Precepts.

This will, I believe, my LORD, be found truer with
regard

DEDICATION.

regard to Politics than to Ethics: The most ridiculous Exhibitions of Luxury or Avarice may likewise have little Effect on the Sensualist or the Miser; but I fancy a lively Representation of the Calamities brought on a Country by general Corruption, might have a very sensible and useful Effect on the Spectators.

Socrates, who owed his Destruction greatly to the Contempt brought on him by the Comedies of *Aristophanes*, is a lasting Instance of the Force of Theatrical Ridicule: Here, indeed, this Weapon was used to an ill Purpose;

DEDICATION.

but surely, what is able to bring Wisdom and Virtue into Disrepute, will with great Facility lay their Opposites under a general Contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the Danger of Wit and Humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them: And indeed they are in the right on't; for Wit, like Hunger, will be with great Difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great Plenty and Variety of Food.

But while the powerful Sons of Dulness shed all their Influence on their inferior Brethren,

DEDICATION.

thren, be You, My LORD, who are the most favourite Offspring of the *British* Muses, the Patron of their younger Children; whom Your LORDSHIP has as much Reason to love, as others to fear; for you must have seen, that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning, and worthy, are the only Rewards which true Patriotism (a Word scandalously ridicul'd by some) can securely expect. And here I am pleading the Cause of others; for the only Title I have to enrol myself in the Number of those I have recommended to Your Fa-
A 4 vour,

DEDICATION.

your, is by being, with the
most perfect Admiration and
Respect,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient

and most humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.



P R E F A C E.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the Year 1728, and after it had been sketched out into a few loose Scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private Amusement; as it would indeed have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other Fruits from attempting Characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The Impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme Difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to infuse Despair into a very adventurous Author.

I soon discovered too, that my too small Experience in, and little Knowledge of the World, had led me into an Error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined, to vary the Scene, and give my
Knight

P R E F A C E.

Knight an Opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the Romance. Human Nature is every where the same. And the Modes and Habits of particular Nations do not change it enough, sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these Sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid Sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the Stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my Shelf, where, probably, it would have perished in Oblivion, had not the Solicitations of the distressed Actors in Drury-Lane prevail'd on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my Head to add those Scenes concerning our Elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that Theatre, and a particular Day appointed for its Action; but the Giant Cajanus, of a Race who were always
Enemies

P R E F A C E.

Enemies to our poor Don, deferred his Appearance so long, that the Intervention of the Actor's Benefits would have put it off till the next Season, had I not brought it on where now it appears.

I have troubled the Reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those Parts of it which were the Production of this Season from those which were written in my more juvenile Years, and before most of the Pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the Public.





A

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	14. <i>Thus the Merchant, who with Pleasure.</i>	p. 69
	15. <i>All Mankind are mad, 'tis plain.</i>	p. 33

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Quixote,
Sancho,
Sir Thomas Loveland,
Squire Badger,
Fairlove,
Mayor,
Voter,
Guzzle,
John,
Brief, a Lawyer,
Dr. Drench, a Physician,
Mr. Sneak,

Mr. Roberts.
Mr. Mullart.
Mr. Macben.
Mr. Macklin.
Mr. Warwell.
Mr. Turbutt.
Mr. Macben.
Mr. Jones.
Mr. Hewson.
Mr. Topham.
Mr. Hallam.
Mr. Hicks.

W O M E N.

Dorothea,
Jezebel,
Mrs. Guzzle,
Mrs. Sneak,
Miss Sneak,

Miss Atberton.
Mrs. Hide.
Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Egerton.
Miss Jones.

Stage-Coachman and Mob.

SCENE, *An Inn in a Country Borough.*

INTRO-



INTRODUCTION.

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

MANAGER.

NO Prologue, Sir! The Audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

Auth. I am the Audience's very humble Servant; but they cannot make a Man write a Prologue, whether he can or no.

Man. Why, Sir, there is nothing easier: I have known an Author bring three or four to the House with one Play, and give us our Choice which we would speak.

Auth. Yes, Sir, and I have now three in my Pocket, written by Friends, of which I choose none should be spoke.

Man. How so?

Auth. Because they have been all spoke already twenty times over.

Man. Let me see them, pray.

Auth. They are written in such damn'd cramp Hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the Substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the Writings of all my Cotemporaries, lamenting the fallen State of the Stage; and lastly, assuring the Audience that this Play was written with a Design to restore true Taste, and their approving it is the best Symptom they can give of their having any.

Man.

INTRODUCTION.

Man. Well, and a very good Scheme.

Auth. May be so; but it hath been the Subject of almost every Prologue for these ten Years last past. The Second is in a different Cast: The first twelve Lines inveigh against all Indecency on the Stage, and the last twenty Lines shew you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an Epilogue: But what is the Third?

Auth. Why, the Third has some Wit in it, and would have done very well, but for a Mistake.

Man. Ay! What Mistake?

Auth. Why, the Author never read my Play, and taking it for a regular Comedy of Five Acts, hath fallen very severely on Farce: However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel Comedy you bring on the Stage.

Man. But don't you think a Play, with so odd a Title as yours, requires to be a little explained? May they not be too much surpris'd at some things?

Auth. Not at all. The Audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the Character of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*. I have brought them over into *England*, and introduced them at an Inn in the Country, where, I believe, no one will be surpris'd that the Knight finds several People as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull Lines, if I would, but I rather chose to let it alone; for, to tell you the Truth, I can draw but one Conclusion from the Prologues I have ever seen, that the Authors are so sensible of the Demerits of their Plays, that they desire to set the Audience asleep before they begin: But of what real Use is a Bill of Fare to any Entertainment, where the Guests are not left to their Choice what Part they will pick at, but are oblig'd to swallow the Whole Indifferently?

Enter

INTRODUCTION.

Enter a Player.

Play. Sir, the Audience make such a Noise with their Canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the House down before the Play begins; and it is not advisable to put them out of Humour, for there are two or three of the loudest Cat-calls, in the Gallery, that ever were heard.

Auth. Be not frightned at that. Those are only some particular Friends of mine, who are to put on the Face of Enemies at first, and be converted at the End of the First Act.

Man. Order then to play away the Overture immediately. Come, Sir, what do you do with yourself?

Auth. I shall dispose myself in some Part of the House, where I shall see, and not be seen: And I can assure you, Sir, if the Audience are but half as well entertain'd with this Play, as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal Applause.



DON



DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHE.

GUZZLE.

NEVER tell me, Sir, of Don *Quixote*, or Don *Beelzebub*; here's a Man comes into my House, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a Knight-Errant; he is an arrant Rogue, and if he does not pay me my Bill, I'll have a Warrant for him.

San. My Master fears no Warrant, Friend; had you ever been in *Spain*, you would have known that Men of his Order are above the Law.

Guz. Tell not me of *Spain*, Sir; I am an *Englishman*, where no one is above the Law; and if your Master does not pay me, I shall lay his *Spaniards*hip fast in a Place, which he shall find it as difficult to get out of, as your Countrymen have found it to get into *Gibraltar*.

B

San.

Don Quixote in England.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old Saying is ; many are shut into one Place, and out of another. Men bar Houses to keep Rogues out, and Jails to keep them in. He that's hang'd for stealing a Horse to-day, has no reason to buy Oats for him to-morrow.

Guz. Sirrah, your Horse, nor your Ass neither, shall have any more Oats at my Expence ; never were Masters and their Beasts so like one another. The *Don* is just such another lean Ramsallion as his — what d'ye call him — his *Rozinante* ; and thou art just such another squat Bag of Guts as thy *Dapple*. Send my House and my Stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a *Spaniard* to enter my Doors again, may I have a whole Company of Soldiers quartered on me ; for if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by my own Country Rogues, than foreign ones.

[Exit.]

A I R I.



San. Rogues there are of each Nation,
 Except among the Divines ;
 And Vinegar, since the Creation,
 Hath still been made of all Wines.

Against

Don Quixote in England.

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Against one Lawyer Lurch
A County scarce can guard;
One Parson does for a Church,
One Doctor for a Churchyard.

SCENE II.

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't please your Honour —

Quix. Come hither, *Sancho*, I smell an Adventure.

San. And so do I, an't please your Worship; the Landlord of the House swears bitterly that he will have a Warrant against us.

Quix. What Landlord! What House! Wilt thou never be in thy Senses? Are we not in a Castle?

San. No, marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

Quix. What dost thou mean, Oaf?

San. I mean that I shall see your Honour in a Goal within these two Days.

Quix. Me in a Goal! Ha! Caitif!

San. Ay, Sir, we are got into a terrible Country. A Man's Quality here can't defend him, if he breaks the Laws.

Quix. Then indeed Knight-Errantry were of no Use: But I tell thee, Caitif, Goals in all Countries are only Habitations for the Poor, not for Men of Quality. If a poor Fellow robs a Man of Fashion of Five Shillings, to Goal with him: But the Man of Fashion may plunder a thousand Poor, and stay in his own House. But know, thou base Squire of the great *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that an Adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united Force of all the Knights upon Earth.

San. Ah, poor *Sancho*! there's an end of thee, a Leg or an Arm will not suffice this Bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this Castle, one of the most accursed Giants that ever infested the Earth. He marches at the Head of his Army, that howl like *Turks* in an Engagement.

Don Quixote in England.

San Oh Lud! Oh Lud! this is the Country Squire at the Head of his Pack of Dogs.

Quix. What dost thou mutter, Varlet?

San. Why, Sir, this Giant that your Worship talks of, is a Country Gentleman who is going a courting, and his Army is neither more nor less than his Kennel of Fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious Force of Enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the Giant *Toglogmoglogog*, Lord of the Island of *Gogmogog*, whose Belly hath been the Tomb of above a thousand strong Men.

San. Of above a thousand Hogsheds of strong Beer, I believe.

Quix. This must be the Inchanter *Merlin*, I know him by his Dogs; but, thou Idiot! dost thou imagine that Women are to be hunted like Hares, that a Man would carry his Hounds with him to visit his Mistress?

San. Sir, your true *English* Squire and his Hounds are as inseparable as your *Spanish* and his *Toledo*. He eats with his Hounds, drinks with his Hounds, and lies with his Hounds; your true Errant *English* Squire is but the first Dog-Boy in his House.

Quix. 'Tis pity then, that Fortune should contradict the Order of Nature. It was a wise Institution of *Plato* to educate Children according to their Minds, not to their Births; these Squires should sow that Corn which they ride over.

Sancho, when I see a Gentleman in his own Coach-box, I regret the Loss which some one has had of a Coachman; the Man who toils all Day after a Partridge or a Pheasant, might serve his Country by toiling after a Plough; and when I see a low, mean, trickling Lord, I lament the Loss of an excellent Attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, some courteous Lady in the Castle prepares an Entertainment for my Ears.

Don Quixote in England.

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AIR II. T'werd Side.



Oh! think not the Maid whom you scorn,
 With Riches delighted can be;
 Had I a great Princess been born,
 My Billy had dear been to me.
 In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
 In Love there is nothing but Charms;
 On others your Treasures bestow,
 Give Billy alone to these Arms.

In Title and Wealth what is lost,
 In Tenderness oft' is repaid;
 Too much a great Fortune may cost;
 Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid.
 Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great;
 We more real Pleasures will prove;
 While they in their Palaces hate,
 We in our poor Cottage will love.

SCENE III.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, Sancho.

Quix. Most illustrious and most mighty Lord, how shall

B 3

I suffi-

I sufficiently pay you for those Sounds with which I have been ravish'd ?

Guz. Sir, I desire no other Payment but of this small Bill; your Worship's Cattle are saddled, and it is a charming Day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing, my Lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this Day seen within the Castle-Walls be utterly demolished.

Guz. So! he has seen the Sirloin of Beef at the Fire, I find. [*Aside.*] — But if your Worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small Matter here: I am in great Necessity, I assure you.

Quix. To what mean Actions does Necessity force Men! That ever a mighty Lord should be obliged to borrow Money!

Guz. I am asham'd to ask your Worship so often for this Trifle, but —

Quix. My Lord, I see you are; I see the generous Confusion which spreads your Face.

Guz. I am so poor, an't please your Honour, that it will be quite Charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

Quix. My Lord, I am more confus'd than you; but do not think it a Gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that Light. And since, my Lord, every thing I have, saving to the charming *Dulcinea del Toboso*, her fixt and unalterable Right, be justly yours. Give me leave to call it a Debt, my Lord. *Sancho*, pay his Lordship a thousand *English* Guineas.

San. If your Worship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty Hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve Lawyers make not one honest Man.

Quix. Cease thy Impertinence, and pay the Money immediately.

San. If I have seen the Colour of Gold this Fortnight, may I never see *Teresa Pancha* again.

Quix. I am confounded, my Lord, at the Extravagance of my Squire, who, out of the Spoils of so many Giants he hath plunder'd, should not have reserv'd enough to oblige your Lordship with such a Trifle; but, if you know any
one

Don Quixote in England.

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one who will disburse that Sum, or any other, I will sell him the Reversion of the next Island I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a Jest of me, Sir?

Quix. Be not incens'd; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying Debts, truly; I fancy if I was to tell the Exciseman, and my Brewer, I was sorry I could not pay 'em, they would send me and my Sorrow to Goal together: In short, Sir, I must and I will have my Money.

San. You must get the *Philosophers Stone*, before you can make any Money of us.

Guz. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my House, 'till I am paid, that I'm resolv'd.

San. I wish your Worship would think of changing your Quarters; if it must be a Blanketing, why let it be a Blanketing. I have not eat any thing these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a Feather in a Blanket.

Quix. *Sancho*, come hither; I intend to make thee my Ambassador.

San. Why truly, Sir, that's a Post I should like hugely well; your Bassadours lead rare fat Lives, they say; and I should make a very good Bassadour, I can assure your Worship.

Quix. Thou shalt go my Ambassador to the Court of *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

San. I suppose it is equal to your Worship what Court you send me to; and, to say the Truth, I had rather go to some other; for tho' my Lady *Dulcinea* be a very good Woman, yet she has got such a waundy Trick of being charmed, and I fancy your Bassadours fare but ill at your charmed Courts.

Quix. Reprile! reply not on thy Life, but go and prepare thyself for thy Journey; then come to me and receive farther Instructions, for thou shalt set out this very Evening.—But, Ha! the charming Voice begins again.

A I R III. Why will *Florella*, &c.[*Dorothea sings within.*]*The Pain which tears my throbbing Breast,**What Language can deplore?**For how should Language have express'd**A Pain ne'er felt before?**In other Virgin wounded Hearts,**Love's cruel Sport we see;**But the most cruel of his Darts,**He has reserv'd for me.**Quix.* Unhappy Princess!*Dor.* Thy Curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;*Thy Curse a Bliss would prove.**Al! Heaven were kind, if with my Eyes**I could enjoy my Love.**Inchanted thus, Romances tell**Their Moans poor Virgins make;**But where is found the powerful Spell,**Can this Incantment break?*

Quix. In this Arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, tho' most unhappy Princess; look forth, and behold whom Fate hath sent to your Relief; the most renowned Knight of the woful Figure, the invincible *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, for whose victorious Arm alone this Adventure

venture is reserv'd. *Oh* cursed Inchanter, dost thou keep this charming Princess invisible to my Eyes? Open the Castle-Gates, open them this Instant, whoever is on the Guard, or you shall feel the Force of my Attack. You shall find, Caitifs, that one single Knight is too many for you all. *[He attacks the Walls, and breaks the Windows.]*

SCENE IV.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, and Mob.

Guz. Heyday! What, in the Devil's Name, are you doing? What, do you intend to beat down my House?

Quix. Thou most uncourteous Lord, deliver the Princess whom thou so unjustly dost detain; or think not that all the Inchanters on Earth shall preserve thee from my Vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of Princesses and Lords, I'm no Lord, I am an honest Man; and I can tell you, you may be a Gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor Man's Windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the Princess, Caitif.

Guz. Pay me my Bill, Sir; and go out of my House, or I'll fetch a Warrant for you; I'll see whether a Man is to have his Victuals eat up, and Drink drank out, and Windows broke, and his Walls shatter'd, and his Guest disturb'd, for nothing.

Quix. Ungracious Knight! who so often throwest in my Teeth that small Entertainment, which thou art oblig'd to give Men of my heroic Profession.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your Profession does oblige People sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou Wretch, why thou wouldest have me gone; thou knowest the Delivering of this high Lady thou dost detain, is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this Moment, with all her Attendants, all her Plate and Jewels which thou hast robb'd her of.

Guz. Hear this, Neighbours, I am accus'd of stealing Plates and Jewels, when every Body knows I have but five Dozen of Plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for Jewels, the Devil of any Jewels are there

there in this House, but two Bobs that my Wife wears in her Ears, which were given her by Sir *Thomas Loveland* at his last Election.

Quix. Cease thy Equivocations, and deliver them this Instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those Giants at thy Heels. [*The Mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, Caitifs? Now, thou most incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboso*, assist thy valiant Knight.

[*He drives them off, and Exit.*]

SCENE V. A Chamber.

Dorothea, Jezebel.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! in spite of all my Misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant Adventure of the Knight of the woful Figure.

Jez. Do you think, Madam, this is the very same *Don*—what d'ye call him, whom your Father saw in *Spain*, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant Stories?

Dor. The same, it can be no other. Oh, *Jezebel*! I wish my Adventure may end as happily as those of my Name-sake *Dorothea's* did; I am sure they are very near as romantic: But have not I reason to blame *Fairlove* for suffering me to be here before him? The Lover that does not outfly his Mistress's Desires, is slow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, Madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR

Don Quixote in England.

11

AIR IV.



Dor. *Oh hasten my Lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the Youth I admire;
The Wretch is too lazy and stupid,
Who leaves me but Time to desire.
Let Prudes, who leave Lovers in Anguish,
Themselves in their fonder Fits stay;
But leave not the Virgin to languish,
Who meets her true Lover half way.*

Well, I'm a mad Girl: Don't you think this Husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful Task to tame me?

Jez. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himself.

SCENE VI.

Sancho, Dorothea, Jezebel.

San. Pray, Ladies, which of you is the chanted Princess; or are you both chanted Princesses?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, Saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear Jezebel.—This must be the illustrious Sancho himself.—I am the Princess Indoccalambria.

San.

San. My Master, the Knight of the Woful Figure (and a woful Figure he makes, sure enough) sends your Ladyship his humble Service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the People in the ~~House on the Head~~; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the Windows; your Ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the Devil a whole Pane is there in all your Apartment; if the Glazier had hir'd him, he cou'd not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty Squire of the most mighty Knight upon Earth, give my grateful Thanks to your Master for what he has undertaken upon my Account; but tell him not to get his precious Bones bruise'd any more, for I am sufficiently assur'd this Adventure is reserv'd for some other Knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all Men cannot do all things; one Man gets an Estate, by what another gets a Halter. All is not Fish that swims. Many a Man wants a Wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two Cuckolds see each other's Horns when neither of them can see his own. Money is the Fruit of Evil, as often as the Root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own House; and Ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every Woman is a Beauty, if you will believe her own Glass; and few, if you will believe her Neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. *Sancho*, might not one hope to see your illustrious Master?

San. Nothing would rejoice his Heart so much, Madam, unless it were to see my Lady *Dulcinea* herself. Ah, Madam, might I hope your Ladyship would speak a good Word for me?

Dor. Name it, and be assur'd of any thing in my Power, honest *Sancho*.

San. If your Princess-ship could but prevail on my Master, that I might not be sent home after my Lady *Dulcinea*; for, to tell you the Truth, Madam, I am so fond of the *English* roast Beef and strong Beer, that I don't intend ever to set my Foot in *Spain* again, if I can help it: Give me a Slice of roast Beef before all the Rarities of *Camacho's* Wedding.

Dor. Bravely said, noble Squire.

A I R

A I R V. The King's Old Courtier.



*When mighty rost Beef was the Englishman's Food,
It enobled our Hearts, and enriched our Blood;
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good.*

*Ob the Rost Beef of Old England,
And Old England's Rost Beef!*

*Then, Britons, from all nice Dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty Rost Beef shall command on the Main.*

Ob the Rost Beef, &c.

San. *Ob the Rost Beef, &c.*

Dor. I have been told, noble Squire, that you once impos'd a certain Lady for *Dulcinea* on your Master; now what think you if this young Lady here should personate that incomparable Princess?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod! your Princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this *Dulcinea*, nor has any body else that I can hear of; and who my Lady *Dulcinea* should be, I don't know, unless she be one of your charmed Ladies: The Curate of our Parish, and Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber, have often told me there was no such Woman, and that my Master was a Madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for

for the sake of a little Island that I am to govern, I should not have follow'd his Errandries so long.

Dor. Fy, do no entertain such unworthy Thoughts of that most glorious Knight.

San. Nay, Madam, I can't find in my Heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three Hours, and I shan't understand one Word he says. Our Curate was a Fool to e'en; and yet he has talk'd what I could not understand neither, but that's neither here nor there; an empty Purse causes a full Heart; an old Woman's a very bad *Bride*, but a very good Wife; Conscience often stops at a *Molehill*, and leaps over a Mountain; the Law guards us from all Evil but itself; what's Vice to-day is Virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only Plumbs that make a Pudding; Physic makes you first sick, and then well; Wine first makes you well, and then sick.

Jez. And your Proverbs would make the Devil sick.

Dor. Lose no time, good *Sancho*, but acquaint the most invincible Knight that the Lady *Dulcinea* is in the Castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a Discovery.

San. Since my bringing the last *Dalcinea* to him, I do not fear that; he that can swallow a Goose will hardly keek at a Gander; the Bear may well dance when the Afs plays on the Fiddle.

[*Exit Sancho.*]

S C E N E VII.

Dorothea, Jezebel.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a Traveller; the Knight and his Squire are full as ridiculous as they were describ'd: We shall have rare Diversion.

Jez. Poor *Fairlove*! thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reason to think *Dorothea* so: I am sure, when a Lover suffers his Mistress to come first to the Place of Appointment, he cannot blame any innocent Amusement with which she would shorten his Absence; and to confess a Truth to you, while I am still under Apprehensions

Don Quixote in England.

15

hensions of the Match my Father intends for me, I have too great Cause to try to divert my Grief.

A I R VI. From *Aberdeen* to *Edinburgh*.



*Happy the Animals who stray,
In Freedom thro' the Grove;
No Laws in Love they e'er obey,
But those prescrib'd by Love:
While We, confin'd to Parents Rules,
Unfortunate, are told;
None follows Love's sweet Laws, but Fools;
The Wise are Slaves to Gold.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII. *The Street.*

Mr. Mayor, and a Voter.

May. Well, Neighbour, what's your Opinion of this strange Man that is come to Town, *Don Quixote*, as he calls himself?

Vot. Think! why, that he's a Madman. What shou'd I think?

May. 'Ecod! it runs in my Head that he is come to stand for Parliament-man.

Vot. How can that be, Neighbour, they tell me he's a *Spaniard*?

May. What's that to us? Let him look to his Qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the House, that's his Fault.

Vot.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain Knowledge, the Corporation have promis'd Sir *Thomas Loveland* and Mr. *Bouncer*.

May. Pugh! all Promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. *Retail*, I begin to smoke a Plot. I begin to apprehend no Opposition, and then we're sold, Neighbour.

Vot. No, no, Neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse: But rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the Kingdom for a Candidate; and if I thought Sir *Thomas* intended to steal us in this manner, he should have no Vote of mine, I assure you. I shall vote for no Man who holds the Corporation cheap.

May. Then suppose we were to go in a Body, and solicit Sir *Don Quixote* to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of *Bedlam* it does not signify.

Vot. But there is another Objection, Neighbour, which I am afraid the Corporation will never get over.

May. What's that, pr'ythee?

Vot. They say he has brought no Money with him.

May. Ay, that indeed: But tho' he hath no Money with him here, I am assur'd by his Servant that he hath a very large Estate: And so, if the other Party come down hand-somely with the Ready, we may trust him; for you know, at last, we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be sold, Neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, Neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the Privilege of a free *Briton*.

SCENE IX.

Guzzle, Mayor, Retail.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good Morrow to you, Sir; are you for a Whet, this Morning?

May. With all my Heart; but what's become of the Gentleman, the Traveller?

Guz. He's laid down to sleep, I believe; pretty well tired with Work. What the Devil to do with him, I can't tell.

May.

May. My Neighbour and I have a strange Thought come into our Heads ; you know, Mr. *Guzzle*, we are like to have no Opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of, as much as any Man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into Consideration, whether we should not ask this Sir *Don* to represent us.

Guz. With all my Heart ; if either of you will hang out a Sign and entertain him ; but he is far enough in my Books already.

May. You are too cautious, Master *Guzzle* ; I make no doubt but he is some very rich Man, who pretends to be poor in order to get his Election the cheaper ; he can have no other Design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the Court Interest.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the Court Side, no doubt ; for he talks of nothing but Kings, and Princes, and Princesses, and Emperors, and Empreſſes.

May. Ay, ay, an Officer in the Army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

Guz. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of Free-Quarter.

Ret. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him ; for then, you know, if he spends never so much, we shall not be oblig'd to choose him.

May. Brother Alderman, I have reprov'd you already for that way of Reasoning ; it favours too much of Bribery. I like an Opposition, because otherwise a Man may be oblig'd to vote against his Party ; therefore when we invite a Gentleman to stand, we invite him to spend his Money for the Honour of his Party ; and when both Parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest Man will vote according to his Conscience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a Man of Sense and Honour, and it does me good to hear him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. *Guzzle*, I never gave a Vote contrary to my Conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the Country-Interest to all my Brethren : But before that, I recommended the Town-Interest, that is, the

Interest of this Corporation ; and first of all I recommend-
ed to every particular Man to take a particular Care of
himself. And it is with a certain way of Reasoning, That
he that serves me best, will serve the Town best ; and he
that serves the Town best, will serve the Country best.

Guz. See what it is to have been at *Oxford* ; the Par-
son in the Parish himself can't out-talk him.

May. Come, Landlord, we'll have one Bottle, and
drink Success to the Corporation : These Times come but
seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them.
Come along. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Inn.*

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. **T**HOU hast, by this time, fully perceiv'd,
Sancho, the extreme Difficulties and Dangers
of Knight-Errantry.

San. Ay, and of 'Squire-Errantry too, an't please your
Worship.

Quix. But Virtue is its own Reward.

San. Your Worship may have a Relish for these Re-
wards, perhaps; but to speak truly, I am a poor plain
Man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any
Reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone
without it. As for an Island, I believe I could relish it as
well as another; but a Man may catch cold while his Coat
is making: And since you may provide for me in a
much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak——

Quix. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing, which
is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

San. Then if your Worship wou'd be so good as to
set me up in an Inn, I should make a rare Landlord;
and it is a very thriving Trade among the *English*.

Quix. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble
Wretch?

San. Any thing to get an honest Livelihood, which is
more than I find we are like to do in the way we are go-
ing on: For, if I durst speak it——

Quix. Speak fearlessly. — I will only impute it to thy Ignorance.

San. Why then I find, Sir, that we are look'd on here to be, neither more nor less, better or worse, than a couple of Madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concern'd at the evil Opinion of Men. Indeed, if we consider who are their Favourites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their Applause. Virtue, *Sancho*, is too bright for their Eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the Deity they worship. Is not the Lawyer often call'd an honest Man, when for a sneaking Fee he pleads the Villain's Cause, or attempts to extort Evidence to the Conviction of the Innocent? Does not the Physician live well in his Neighbourhood, while he suffers them to bribe his Ignorance to their Destruction? But why should I mention those whose Profession 'tis to prey on others? Look thro' the World. What is it recommends Men, but the Poverty, the Vice, and the Misery of others? This, *Sancho*, they are sensible of, and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each Man endeavours to make his Neighbour worse. Each Man rises to Admiration by treading on Mankind. Riches and Power accrue to the One, by the Destruction of Thousands. These are the general Objects of the good Opinion of Men: Nay, and that which is profess'd to be paid to Virtue, is seldom more to any thing than a supercilious Contempt of our Neighbour. What is a good-natur'd Man? Why, one, who seeing the Want of his Friend, cries he pities him. Is this real? No: If it was, he would relieve him. His Pity is triumphant Arrogance and Insult: It arises from his Pride, not from his Compassion. *Sancho*, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their Approbation.

San. Oh! good your Worship, proceed: I could fast an Hour longer to hear your Discourse.

SCENE II.

Guzzle, Don Quixote, Sancho.

Guz. An't please your Honour, the Mayor of the Town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him Admittance. This is the chief Magistrate of the Place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my Arrival; he might have come sooner; but the Neglect of his Duty is better than the total Omission. In the mean while, *Sancho*, post thou away this Instant to *Toboso*; and Heaven prosper thy Embassy.

San. Prosperity may travel with me, without tiring itself. [*Aside.*]

SCENE III.

Mayor, Don Quixote.

May. I am your Honour's most humble Servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief Officer of the Town.

May. Yes, an't please your Honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this Town. I should have done myself the Pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the Design with which you came hither.

Quix. Be seated, Sir; you are a worthy Man, and to your Praise be it spoken, the first that has done his Duty since my Arrival.

May. I can't answer for the whole Town; but the Corporation is as well affected a Corporation as any in all *England*, and I believe highly sensible of the Honour you intend them. No Man knows his Strength till he tries it; and, notwithstanding what you may have heard of the Knight of the *Long-Purse*, if you oppose him briskly, I dare answer for your Success.

Quix. Is there a Knight on Earth I dare not oppose? Tho' he had as many Hands as *Briareus*, as many Eyes as *Argus*, I should not fear him.

May. This is a special Stick of Wood, I find.—A Benefit-Ticket, adod. [*Aside.*

Quix. I see the Reason of your Apprehension; you have heard of my ill Success in my last Adventure—that was not my Fault! [*Sighing.*

May. I see he has been thrown out at some other Place already.—I don't in the least, Sir, apprehend it was your Fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these Occasions.

Quix. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not so passionate, Sir; this I assure you, you will do your Business with less than any other. I suppose, Sir, it may lie in your Power to do some Services to this Town.

Quix. Be assur'd it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any Insults. No Armies shall ever do you any Harm.

May. I assure you, Sir, that will recommend you very much: If you can keep Soldiers from quartering upon us, we shall make very little Difficulty in the Affair: But I hope your Honour will consider that the Town is very poor, Sir; a little Circulation of Money among us would ———

Quix. Sir, you make me concern'd that it is not now in my Power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this, there is not one whom you shall recommend, that shall not, within this Twelvemonth, be Governor of an Island.

May. This is a Courtier, I find, by his Promises. [*Aside.*

Quix. But who is this Knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the Castle?

May. Yes, Sir, he is now at *Loveland Castle*, a Seat of his about ten Miles off. He was here the very Day before your Honour came to Town, randying for a Knight of his Acquaintance, with no less than Six Hundred Freeholders at his Heels.

Quix. Humph! those are a sort of Soldiers I never heard of in *Spain* ——— How were they arm'd?

May. Arm'd, Sir?

Quix.

Quix. Ay; with Carbines, with Muskets, Spears, Pistols, Swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper Weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha, ha! your Honour is pleas'd to be merry; why truly, Sir, they were pretty well arm'd when they went out of Town; every Man had four or five Bottles in his Head at least.

Quix. Base-born Cowards! who owe their Courage to the Spirit of their Wine! But be easy, Sir, within these two Days not one of them shall be alive.

May. Marry, Heaven forbid! Some of them are as honest Gentlemen as any in the County.

Quix. Ha! honest! and in the Train of the Knight of the *Long-Purse*! Do I not know him to be a Deflowerer of Virgins, a Destroyer of Orphans, a Despoiler of Widows, a Debaucher of Wives——

May. Who, Sir *Thomas Loveland*, Sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natur'd, civil a Gentleman, as a Man may say——

Quix. Why then do you petition me against him?

May. Nay, Sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one Man's Money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil Gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it: But this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most would not have the least Chance.

Quix. Ha! Caitif! dost thou think I would condescend to be the Patron of a Place so mercenary? If my Services cannot procure me the Election, dost thou think my Money should make me their Knight? What should I get by undertaking the Protection of this City and Castle, but Dangers, Difficulties, Toils, and Inchantments? Hence from my Sight! or by the peerless *Dulcinea's* Eyes, thy Blood shall pay the Affront thou hast given my Honour.——Was it for this that I was chosen in full Senate the *Patron of la Mancha*? Gods! to what will Mankind degenerate! where not only the vile Necessaries of Life; but even Honours, which should be the Reward of Virtue only, are to be bought with Money.

SCENE IV. *Another Chamber.*

Squire Badgar, Scut his Huntsman, and Guzzle.

Badg. That's it, Honey's, Oh! that's it.—What, have you no Company in the House, Landlord? Could not you find out an honest Lad, one that could take a hearty Pot?

Guz. Faith, noble Squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner, Mr. *Permit* the Officer is just gone out of the House; your Worship wou'd have lik'd him hugely; he is rare good Company.

Badg. Well, but hang it, hast thou no body?

Guz. I have not one Guest in the House, Sir, but a young Lady and her Maid, and a Madman, and a Squire, as he calls himself.

Badg. Squire! who, pr'ythee?

Guz. Squire—It is a curfed hard Name, I never can remember it. Squire *Pancho Sancho*—he calls himself.

Badg. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey!

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: His Master and he have been here in my House this Month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wish the Devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the Squire and his Master both.

Badg. What, has the Squire a Master?

Guz. I don't know which is Master, nor which is Man, not I; sometimes I think one is Master, and then again I think it is t'other.—I am sure I had rather be the Squire, for he sleeps most, and eats most; he is as bad as a Grayhound in a House; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but if you turn your Back, flap, he has it up.—As for the Knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking Windows, than eating: Wou'd I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in the Yard to guard the Castle, as he calls it; but I am afraid his Design is to rob the House, if he could catch an Opportunity. I don't understand one Word in ten of what he says; he talks of Giants, and Castles, and Queens and Princesses,

Princesses, and Chanters, and Magicians, and *Dulcineas*; he has been a mighty Traveller it seems.

Badg. A comical Dog, I fancy; go, give my Service to him, tell him I should be glad of his Company, go.

Guz. I am afraid he is not in any of the best Humours, for he was most confoundedly drubb'd just now.

Badg. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is some of the best Physic for him. Come, *Scut*, sit down, and sing that Song once more.

A I R VII. Mother, quoth *Hodge*, &c.



Scut. The Doctor is feed for a dangerous Draught,
Which cures half a Dozen, and kills half a Score;
Of all the best Drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one Disease, and no more.

But here's the Juice,

Of sovereign Use,

'Twill cure your Distempers, whatever they be;

In Body, or Spirit,

Wherever you bear it;

Take of this a large Dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning Directors, if trick'd of your Pelf;

Your Losses a Dose of good Claret can heal;

Or if you have been a Director yourself,

'Twill teach you no Loss of your Honour to feel:

Stocks

Stocks fall or rise,
 Tell Truth or Liss,
 Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find;
 If Silvia be cruel,
 Take this Water-Gruel,
 'Twill soon cure the Fever that burns up your Mind.

SCENE V.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, Scut, and Badger.

Quix. Most illustrious and mighty Knight, I'm proud to kiss your Hands.

Badg. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.—A devilish odd Figure this. [*Aside.*]

Quix. To meet a Person of your Distinction, is a Happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the Knight of the *Sun*, or of the *Black Helmet*.

Badg. Or of the *Black Cap*, Sir, if you please.

Quix. Sir Knight of the *Black Cap*, I rejoice in meeting you in this Castle; and I wish the Atchievements of this glorious Adventure, in which I have been, by the cursed Power of Inchantment, foil'd, may be reserv'd for you.

Badg. This is honest Cousin *Tom*, faith, as mad as a *March-Hare*. [*Aside.*]

Quix. Would you guess, Sir Knight of the *Black Cap*, that this uncourteous Person, the Lord of this Castle, should detain within his Walls, the most beautiful Princess in the Universe?

Badg. The Devil he does.

Quix. Inchanter; and, if I mistake not, by that Inchanter *Merlin*; I humbly suppose, the Delivery of this Princess was the Design with which you came to this Castle.

Badg. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll deliver her, I warrant you: But come Sir—Pray, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Name?

Quix. I am known, Sir, in Chivalry, by the Name of the Knight of the *Woful Figure*.

Badg. Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*, will you please to sit down? Come, Sir, Here's to you. Landlord, draw your

your Chair. How long, Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*, have you been in these Parts?

Quix. It is no, Sir Knight of the *Black Cap*, the Business of a Knight Errant to number Time, like the inferior Part of Mankind, by the Days which he lives, but by the Actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourn'd longer here than I. Are there many Knights in this Kingdom?

Badg. Oh, numberless! — there are your Knights and Baron Knights, and Knights of the Post; and then there are your blue Knights, and your red Knights, and your green Knights.

Quix. Well, may this Kingdom be said to be happy, when so many Knights conspire for its Safety.

Badg. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a Hunting-Song — Sir Knight, I should be glad to see you at my Country-Seat. Come, *Scut*, sing away.

A I R VIII. There was a Jovial Beggar, &c.



Scut. *The dusky Night rides down the Sky,*
And ushers in the Morn;
The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,
The Huntsman winds his Horn:
And a Hunting we will go.

*The Wife around her Husband throws
Her Arms, and begs his Stay;*

*My Dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.*

But a Hunting we will go.

A brushing Fox in yonder Wood,

Secure to find we seek;

For why, I carry'd sound and good,

A Cartload there last Week.

And a Hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the Rout,

Their Steeds all spur and switch;

Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,

And some thrown in the Ditch:

But a Hunting we will go.

At length his Strength to Faintness worn,

Poor Renard ceases Flight;

Then hungry, homeward we return,

To feast away the Night:

Then a Drinking we will go.

Badg. Ha, ha, ha! Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*; this is the Life, Sir, of most of our Knights in *England*.

Quix. Hunting is a manly Exercise, and therefore a proper Recreation: But it is the Business of a Knight-Errant to rid the World of other sort of Animals than Foxes.

Badg. Here is my dear *Dorothea* to you, the most beautiful Woman in the World.

Quix. Ha, Caitif! dost thou dare say that in my Presence, forgetting that the peerless *Dulcinea* yet lives? Confess thy Fault this Instant, and own her inferior to *Dulcinea*, or I will make thee a dreadful Example to all future Knights who shall dare dispute the Incomparableness of that divine Lady.

Badg.

Badg. Throw by your Spit, Sir, throw by your Spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your Lanthorn-Jaws into your Throat, you Rascal.

[*Squire Badger offers to strike Don Quixote.*]

Guz. Oh, that this Fellow were at the Devil! Dear Squire, let him alone.

Quix. Ha! have I discover'd thee, Impostor? Thanks, most incomparable Lady, that hast not suffered thy Knight to pollute his Hands with the base Blood of that Impostor Squire.

S C E N E VI.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Squire Badger.

San. Oh, Sir, I have been seeking your Honour, I have such News to tell you!

Quix. Sancho, uncase this Instant, and handle that Squire as he deserves.

San. My Lady *Dulcinea*, Sir —

Quix. Has been abus'd, has been injur'd, by the slanderous Tongue of that Squire.

San. But, Sir —

Quix. If thou expectest to live a Moment, answer me not a Word, 'till that Caitif hath felt thy Fist.

San. Nay, Sir, with all my Heart, as far as a Cuff or two goes. — I hate your Squire-Errants that carry Arms about them.

Badg. I'll box you first one Hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a Dozen of you. — If I don't lamb thee! — [They both strip.]

San. May be not, Brother Squire, may be not; threatened Folks live long, high Words break no Bones; many walk into a Battle, and are carry'd out on't; one Ounce of Heart is better than many Stone of Flesh; dead Men pay no Surgeons; safer to dance after a Fiddle than a Drum, tho' not so honourable; a wise Man would be a Soldier in time of Peace, and a Parson in time of War.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Mrs. Guzzle, Squire Badger, Sancho.

Mrs. Guz. What in the Devil's Name is the matter with you ? Get you and your Master out of my House, for a couple of Pickpockets as you are. — Sir, I hope your Worship will not be angry with us.

Badg. Stand away, Landlord, stand away. — If I don't lick him !

San. Come along, out into the Yard, and let me have fair Play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

Mrs. Guz. Get you out, you Rascal, get you out, or I'll be the Death of you ; I'll teach you to fight with your Betters, you Villain, you ; I'll curry you, Sirrah.

S C E N E VIII.

Fairlove, Squire Badger.

Fair. I am sorry to see a Gentleman insulted, Sir. What was the Occasion of this Fray ?

Badg. I hope you are no Knight-Errant, Sir ?

Fair. Sir !

Badg. I say, Sir, I hope you are no Knight-Errant, Sir ?

Fair. You are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry too, had you seen such a Sight as I have. Here is a Fellow in this Inn, that outdoes all the Shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my Brains out for drinking my Mistress's Health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your Rival, Sir.

Badg. Odd ! that's like enough, now I think on't ; who knows but this may be that Son of a Whore, *Fairlove*, whom I have been told on ?

Fair. Ha !

Badg. As sure as a Gun — this is he — Odsbodlikins ! *Mrs. Dorothea*, you have a very strange sort of a Taste, I can tell you that.

Fair.

Fair. Do you travel towards *London*, Sir? because I shall be glad of your Company.

Badg. No, Sir, I have not above Fifteen short Miles to go, and quite across the Country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to Sir *Thomas Loveland's*?

Badg. Do you know Sir *Thomas* then, Sir?

Fair. Very intimately well, Sir,

Badg. Give me your Hand, Sir. — You are an honest Cock, I warrant you. — Why, Sir, I am going to fall in Love with Sir *Thomas's* Daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, Sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable Woman in the World.

Badg. And then she sings like a Nightingale! Now that is a very fine Quality in a Wife; for you know, the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some Folks like Women for their Wit; Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a Man of good Sense dreads so much in a Wife, as her having more Sense than himself.

A I R. IX: Lillibulero!



*Like Gold to a Miser, the Wit of a Lass,
More Trouble than Joy to her Husband may bring.*

Fair. That Fault's in the Miser, and not in the Mass;
He knows not to use so precious a Thing.

Badg.

Badg. Wit teaches how
To arm your Brow;
A Price for that Treasure some Husbands have paid.
Fair. But Wit will conceal it;
And if you don't feel it,
A Horn's but a Pimple scarce seen on your Head.

SCENE IX.

Fairlove, Squire Badger, John.

John. Sir, Sir!

Fair. Well, what now?

John. [Whispers.]

Fair. How! here?

John. I saw her, Sir, upon my Honour.

Fair. I am the happiest of Mankind. [Aside.] — Brother Traveller, farewell.

Badg. What, shan't we drink together?

Fair. Another time, Sir; I am in a little haste at present.
— [Aside.] Harkye, John, I leave you with my Rival,
I need say no more. — Dear Dorothea, ten thousand Raptures are in the dear Name. [Exit.]

SCENE X.

John, Squire Badger, Don Quixote.

Badg. Harkye, Mister; what is your Master's Name, pray?

John. Master, Sir?

Badg. I say, your Master's Name.

John. What do you see in me that should make you ask me my Master's Name? I suppose you would take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your Master's Name is. Do I look so little like a Gentleman as to stand in need of a Master?

Badg.

Badg. Oh, Sir, I ask your Pardon; your Dress, Sir, was the Occasion of my Mistake.

John. Probable enough; among you Country Gentlemen, and really in Town, Gentlemen and Footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

Badg. May be, Sir, then, you are only an Acquaintance of this Gentleman's.

John. A travelling Acquaintance.

Badg. May I crave his Name, Sir?

John. Oh, Sir, his Name, his Name, Sir, is Sir *Gregory Nebuchaddonnezzar*. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by Birth, born in the City of *Cork*. He is a going into *Cornwal* to take possession of a small Estate of Twenty thousand Pounds a Year, left him the other Day by a certain Dutch Merchant's Mistress, with whom he had an Intrigue. He is a Gentleman, Sir, universally esteem'd in the *Beau Monde*.

Badg. *Beau Monde*! Pray, what's that?

John. *Beau Monde*, Sir, is as much as to say, a Man of Figure; when you say, he is a Man of the *Beau Monde*, you mean just such another Person as I am.

Badg. You will pardon the Ignorance of a Country Gentleman.

John. Oh, Sir! we of the *Beau Monde* are never offend-ed at Ignorance.

Quix. [*Within.*] Avant, Caitifs! ——— think not, thou most accursed Giant, ever to enter within this Castle, to bring any more captive Princesses hither.

Badg. Heyday! What's the matter now?

Coachman. [*Within.*] Open the Gates, will you? Are you Mad?

Quix. You, my Lord of the Castle, suffer them to be open'd at your Peril.

John. One might think, by this Noise, that we were at the Outside of the Opera-House, at a *Ridotto*.

S C E N E XI.

Mrs. Guzzle, John, Squire Badger.

Mrs. Guz. For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad *Don Quixote* will ruin my House; he won't suffer the Stage-Coach to come into the Yard. Dear, good Gentlemen, come and speak to him.——Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

John. I am too much a Gentleman not to assist a Lady in Distress.——Come, Sir.

Badg. After you, Sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O dear, Sir.

S C E N E XII. *A Yard.*

Don Quixote arm'd Cap-a-pee, his Lance in his Hand; Sancho, Guzzle, Squire Badger, John, Mrs. Guzzle.

Coachman. [Within.] If you don't open the Gates this Instant, I'll go to another Inn.

Brief. [Within.] Sir, I'll have your House indicted; I'll have your Sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a Madman in the Yard.——Will you let me open the Gates, or no, Sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will shew thee, that I want no Walls to secure me.——Open them, I say——You shall see the Force of one single Knight.

Mrs. Guz. Dear Gentlemen, will no body knock his Brains out?

John. This is the most comical Dog I ever saw in my Life. [Aside.]

Badg. If I have any thing to say to him while he has that Thing in his Hand, may I have it in my Guts that Moment.

Guz. There, the Gates are open.

Quix. Now, thou peerless Princess, *Dulcinea*. [Exit.]

Coachman.

Coachman. Gee, Gee, Boys, Hup!

[*Exeunt Sancho, &c.*]

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Guzzle, Mr. Brief, Dr. Drench, Mr. Sneak, Mrs. Sneak, Miss Sneak; Maid with Candles.

Mrs. Sneak. Don't be frightned, my Dear, there is no Danger now.

Mr. Sneak. That's owing to me, my Dear; if we had not got out of the Coach, as I advis'd, we had been in a fine Condition.

Brief. Who is this Fellow, Woman, that has caus'd all this Rout?

Mrs. Guz. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightned out of my Wits; he is the Devil, I think.—I can't get him out of my House.

Brief. What, have you no Justice of the Peace near you? You should apply to a Justice of Peace. The Law provides a very good Remedy for these sort of People; I'll take your Affair into my Hands. *Dr. Drench,* do you know no neighbouring Justice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a Justice? The Man is mad, and Physic is properer for him than Law. I'll take him in hand myself, after Supper.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish, *Mr. Sneak,* you would go into the Kitchen, and see what we can have for Supper. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Sneak. Yes, my Dear.

Brief. Ay, do; the fresh Air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an Appetite. — Ladies, how do you do after your Fright? Doctor, I fancy a Dram of that Cordial, you carry in your Pocket, would do the Ladies no harm.

Mrs. Sneak. You are a merry Man, Mr. Counsellor; come, Child.

Mrs. Guz. This way, Ladies. [*Exeunt Women.*]

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Brief, Dr. Drench, Don Quixote, Sancho, Squire Badger, John.

Badg. Huzza! Hark! hark! ——— Agad, he has routed the Coach and Horses bravely! my Landlord and the Coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Most illustrious, and high Lords, it is with great Pleasure that I congratulate you on your Delivery which you owe only to the peerless *Dulcinea*; I desire therefore no other Return, but that you both repair immediately to *Toboso*, and render yourselves at her Feet.

Drench. Poor Man! poor Man! he must be put to Bed. I shall apply some proper Remedies. His Frenzy is very high, but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

Brief. His Frenzy! his Roguery; the Fellow's a Rogue. he is no more mad than I am; and the Coachman and Landlord both have very good Actions at Law against him.

Quix. *Sancho*, do you attend those Princes to the richest and most beautiful Apartments. ——— Most illustrious Princes, the Governor of this Castle is an Inchanter; but be not alarm'd at it, for all the Powers of Hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the Guard all this Night for your Safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for *Toboso*.

Drench. *Galen* calls this Phrenzy the *Phrenabracum*.

Brief. My Lord *Coke* brings these People into the Number of common Cheats.

Drench. I shall order him Bleeding, Glistering, Vomiting, Purging, Blistering, and Cupping.

Brief. He may, besides an Action of Assault and Battery, be indicted in the Crown; he may also have an Action of Damages and Trespases laid on him ——— In short, if he be worth Five thousand Pounds, I don't question

question but to action him out on't. — Come, Doctor, if you please, we will attend the Ladies. [Exeunt.]

Badg. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these People were you call'd Princes?

Quix. One of them I take to be the Prince of *Sarmatia*, and the other of the *Five Mountains*.

Badg. One of them is a Lawyer, and t'other a Physician.

Quix. Monstrous Inchantment! what odd Shapes this *Merlin* transforms the greatest People into! but Knight-Errantry will be too hard for him at last. [Exit.]

John. Ha, ha, ha! a comical Dog!

Badg. If you will accept of one Bottle of Stout, Brother Traveller, it is at your Service.

John. With all my Heart, Sir. I'm afraid this Fellow has no good *Champaign* in his House. [Exeunt.]

San. Hey! is the Coast clear'd? Where in the Devil's Name has this mad Master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last Adventure has put it past all manner of Dispute. Ah, poor *Sancho*! what will become of thee? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new Master, while thou hast any whole Bones in thy Skin: And yet, I can't find in my Heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small Island; and then perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former Government. — Well, if ever I do lay my Fingers on an Island more, I'll act like other wise Governors, fall to plundering as fast as I can, and when I have made my Fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

A I R X. Black Joke.



*The more we see of Human-kind,
 The more Deceits and Tricks we find,
 In every Land, as well as Spain:
 For wou'd he ever hope to thrive,
 Upon the Mountains he must live;
 For nought but Rogues in Vales remain:*

*The Miser and the Man will trick,
The Mistrefs and the Maid will nick.
For Rich and Poor
Are Rogue and Whore ;
There's not one honest Man in a Score,
Nor Woman true in Twenty-four.*

The End of the Second Act.





A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A Room.*Fairlove, Dorothea, *Mrs. Guzzle.*

F A I R L O V E.

DE P E N D on it, you shall be made amends for your Damage you have sustain'd from this heroic Knight and his Squire.

Mrs. Guz. You look like a very honourable Gentleman, Sir, and I would take your Word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But pray, *Mrs. Guzzle*, how came you by this fine Dress, in which the Lady *Dulcinea* is to be exhibited?

Mrs. Guz. About a Month ago, Madam, there was a Company of Stage-Players here, and they staid for above a Fortnight acting their Shows: But I don't know how it happen'd, the Gentry did not give them much Encouragement; so at last they all run away, except the Queen, whom I made bold to strip of her Finery, which is all that I have to shew for their whole Reckoning.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Queen! Poor travelling Princess!

Mrs. Guz. The Devil travel with her to the World's End, so she travel not hither; send me any thing but Stage-players and Knight-Errants. I'm sure Fifty Pounds won't make me whole again; would your Ladyship think

think it, Madam? Beside other Articles, she ran in tick Twenty Shillings for Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE II.

Jezebel, Sancho; Fairlove, Dorothea, *Mrs. Guzzle.*

Dor. Behold the peerless Princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! she'll put the real *Dulcinea* out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine Lady have I seen in all *Toboso*.

Fair. Is the Knight appris'd, *Mr. Sancho*, of the Approach of his Mistress?

San. Yes, Sir, it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it, he gave me such a Hug, that I thought I shou'd never have fetch'd Breath any more in this World. I believe he took me for the Lady *Dulcinea* herself.

Dor. But why booted and spurr'd, *Mr. Sancho*? Are you going a Journey?

San. Yes, Madam, your Ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my Lady *Dulcinea*; so what does me I, but rides into the Kitchen, where I whipt and spurr'd about a Sirloin of rost Beef, for a full half Hour. Then slap, I return'd to my Master, whom I found leaning upon his Spear, with his Eyes lifted up to the Stars, calling out upon my *Toboso* Lady, as if the Devil were in his Guts; as soon as he sees me, *Sancho*, says he, with a Voice like a great Gun, wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy Wallet? Wilt thou never set out for *Toboso*? Heavens bless your Honour's Worship, and keep you in your Senses, says I; I am just return'd from thence; I am sure, if you felt half the Weariness in your Bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a Vengeance. Truly then, *Sancho*, thou must have travelled by Chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by Chantment; but
this

this I know, that about Five Miles off I met my Lady *Dulcinea*. How! says he, and gave such a Spring, I thought he would have leapt over the Wall. Ay; says I, sure I know her Ladyship. He that has stood in the Pillory ought to know what Wood it is made of; and a Woman, who walks the Streets, ought to know whether they are pay'd or no.

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your Ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your Ladyship so much, he would not take a Hundred Pound to come within a Yard of you; he's one of your high bred sort of Gentry, and knows his Distance.

Jez. Shou'd he offer to touch me, I shou'd faint.

San. If your Ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper Place where you may see my Master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your Arrival.

Mrs. Guz. I'll go see this Show, I'm resolv'd; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my Guests is the maddest.

S C E N E III.

Fairlove, Dorothea.

Dor. Shall we follow to the Window, and see the Sport?

Fair. How can my *Dorothea* think of trifling at this time?

Dor. Had I found you at my first Arrival, I should scarce have invented this Design; but I cannot see any Retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

Fair. Why should we not fly away this Instant; who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy Moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

Dor. The Morning will be time enough; for I have taken such Measures, I shall not be miss'd till then; besides,

sides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my Letter, that I cannot suspect the happy Success of our Affair. Ah, *Fair-love!* would I were as sure it would be always in your Will, as it will be in your Power, to make me happy: But when I reflect on your former Life, when I think what a Rover you have been, have I not a just Occasion then for Fear?

Fair. Unkind Dorothea!

APR XI. Have you heard of a frolicksom
Ditty, &c.



*Wou'd Fortune, the Truth to discover,
Of him you suspect as a Rover,
Bid me be to some Princess a Lover,*

*No Princess wou'd Billy pursue,
Dor. Wou'd Heaven but grant me the Trial,
A Monarch shou'd meet my Denial;
And while other Lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.*

*Fair. Whole Ages my Dolly enjoying,
Is a Feast that cou'd never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind Fortune can give me no more.*

Dor.

Dor. With thee I'm so blest beyond Measure,
 I laugh at all Offers of Treasure;
 I laugh at all Offers of Pleasure;
 Thou art all my Joy and my Store.

Both. With thee, &c.

S C E N E IV.

Servants with Lights before Sir Thomas and Guzzle.

Sir Tho. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming Trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, considering the Hardness of the Times, an't please your Honour.

Sir Tho. Better Times are a coming, a new Election is not far off.

Guz. Ay, Sir, if we had but an Election once a Year, a Man might make a shift to pick up a Livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a Year! why, thou unconscionable Rogue! the Kingdom would not be able to supply us with Malt. But pr'ythee whom hast thou in thy House, any honest Fellows? Ha!

Guz. Here's Lawyer *Brief*, Sir, and Dr. *Drench*; and there's Mr. *Sneak* and his Wife; then there's one Squire *Badger* of *Somersetshire*.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my Service to him instantly, tell him I should be very glad to see him.

Guz. Yes, an't please your Honour. [Exit.]

Sir Tho. This Fellow is not quite of a right Kidney, the Dog is not sound at the Bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next Election. Now for my Son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to see; I'm sure his Estate makes him a very advantageous Match for my Daughter, if she can but like his Person; and if he be describ'd right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Sir Thomas, Squire Badger, Guzzle, John.

Guz. Here's the Squire, an't please your Honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. *Badger*, I'm your most humble Servant; you're welcome into this Country; I've done myself the Honour, Sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my Daughter.

Badg. I suppose, Sir, you may be *Sir Thomas Loveland*.

Sir Tho. At your Service, Sir.

Badg. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your Daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry, if you had been in such Company as I have been in. My Lord! 'Sbud! where's my Lord? 'Sbud! *Sir Thomas*, my Lord *Slang* is one of the merriest Men you ever knew in your Life; he has been telling me a Parcel of such Stories!

John. I protest, Sir, you are so extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; *Sir Thomas*, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

Sir Tho. I suppose this Lord can't afford to keep a Footman, and so he wears his own Livery.

Badg. I wish, my Lord, you would tell *Sir Thomas* the Story about you and the Dutcheſs of what d'ye call her. — Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest Stories! about how she met him in the Dark at a Maskerade, and about how she gave him a Letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a——

John. To a Bagnio, to a Bagnio.

Badg. Ay, to a Bagnio. 'Sbud, Sir, if I was not partly engag'd in Honour to court your Daughter, I'd go to *London* along with my Lord, where Women are, it seems, as plenty as Rabbits in a Warren. Had I known as much of the World before, as I do now, I believe I shou'd

thou'd scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my Lord says, here, a Man may have your great sort of Ladies, only for wearing a broder'd Coat, telling half a Dozen Lies, and making a Bow.

Sir Tho. I believe, Sir, my Daughter won't force ye against your Inclination.

Badg. Force me! No; I believe not Icod! I should be glad to see a Woman that should force me. If you come to that, Sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your Daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This Fellow's a great Fool; but his Estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*]—You misunderstand me, Sir, I believe you will have no Incivility to complain of, from either me or my Daughter.

Badg. Nay, Sir, for that matter, when People are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, Father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what say you to a cherishing Cup; and you shall hear some of my Lord's Stories?

Sir Tho. As far as one Bottle, Squire, but you must not exceed.

Badg. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: My Lord and I here, are very good Company by ourselves. Pray, my Lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some Manners. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Tho. A very hopeful Spark this. But he has a great Estate; and I have no Notion of refusing an Estate, let the Men be what he will.

SCENE VI. *The Yard.*

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. How far dost thou think the advanc'd Guards are yet from the Castle?

San. Sir!

Quix. But perhaps she may choose to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater Expedition, have left those curs'd, useless, heavy Troops, her Horse-Guards, to follow a Month

Month or two hence. How many Coaches didst thou number?

San. Truly, Sir, they were so many, I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round Baker's Dozen, at least.

Quix. *Sancho*, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile Phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my Patience to the Test? Take heed, unworthy Squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless Princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low Ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the Powers of this invincible Arm—

San. Oh, spare me, spare me!—And if ever I offend your Worship any more, if ever I crack a Jest on my Lady *Dulcinea*—

Quix. Proceed! What Knights attend her Presence?

San. They make such a Glittering, Sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the World at a Distance, like a Flock of Sheep.

Quix. Ha! again!

San. Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't let a Man talk in his own Language, he must e'en hold his Tongue. Every Man is not bred at a Varsity, who looks for a Courtier's Tongue between the Teeth of a Clown. An ill Phrase may come from a good Heart. Many Men, many Minds; many Minds, many Mouths; many Mouths, many Tongues; many Tongues, many Words.

Quix. Cease thy Torrent of Impertinence, and tell me, is not the Knight of the black Eagle there?

San. Ay marry is he, Sir, and he of the black Ram too. On they trot, Sir, Cheek by Jole, Sir, for all the World like two Butter-Women to Market; then comes my Lady *Dulcinea* all Rampant in her Coach, with half a score dozen Maids of Honour; 'twou'd have done your Heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like—

Quix. Like a milk-white Dove amongst a Flight of Crows.

San. To all the World, like a new half-Crown-Piece, amongst a heap of old Brass Farthings.

S C E N E VII.

Drawer with a Light, Brief, Don Quixote, Sancho.

Draw. This Way, Sir, take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! she approaches! The Torches are already arriv'd at the Gate, the great *Fulgoran* is alighted. O thou most welcome of all Knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone pry'thee, Fellow, or I shall have you laid by the Heels; what do you mean to rob me, hey?

Quix. Is it possible, the mighty *Fulgoran* should not know me?

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your Advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, Sirrah, you may be try'd on the Black Act, for going about disguis'd in this Manner; and but that I shall go a better Way to work with you, as good an Indictment wou'd lie on that Act —

Quix. Behold, Sir, my Lady *Dulcinea* herself.

Brief. Light on, Boy, the next Justice ought to be indicted for not putting the Laws in Execution against such Fellows.

S C E N E VIII.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Jezebel.

Quix. O most illustrious, and most mighty Princess with what Looks shall I behold you? with what Words shall I thank you for this infinite Goodness to your unworthy Knights?

Jeze. Rise, Sir.

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much Goodness, tho' to see you be inexpressible Happiness, yet to see you here gives me some Uneasiness: For, O most adorable Princess, this Castle is enchanted, Giants and captive Ladies inhabit only here.

Jeze. Could I but be assured of your Constancy, I should have no Fear; but, alas! there are so many Instances of perjur'd Men.

A I R

A I R XII. Cold and raw, &c.



*A Virgin once was walking along,
In the sweet Month of July,
Blooming, beautiful and young,
She met with a Swain unruly;
Within his Arms the Nymph he caught,
And swore he'd love her truly;
The Maid remember'd, the Man forgot,
What past in the Month of July.*

Quix. Eternal Curses light on all such perjur'd Wretches!

Jez. But tho' you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several Children, you may leave me, and then I should break my Heart.

Quix. Rather may the universal Frame of Nature be dissolv'd; perish first, all Honesty, Honour, Virtue, nay Knight-Errantry itself, that Quintessence of all.

E

Jez.

Jez. Cou'd I always remain young as I am now, but alack-a day I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger Maiden; I know it is the way of all you Men, you all love young Flesh. You all Sing,

A I R XIII. *Giminiani's Minuet.*



*Sweet's the little Maid,
That has not learnt her Trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught;
Tho' she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you Joy.*

When

Don Quixote in England.

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*When she's once to Compliance brought,
Women full of Skill
Sooner grant your Will ;
But often purchas'd are good for naught.
Sweet's the little Maid, &c.*

Quix. Oh most divine Princess ! whose Voice is infinitely sweeter than the Nightingale : Oh, charm my Ears no more with such transporting Melody, lest I find my Joy too exquisite for Sense to bear.

S C E N E IX.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Fairlove, Dorothea, Jezebel.

Dor. Pity, illustrious Knight ; oh, pity an unhappy Princess, who has no hopes of Safety, but from your victorious Arm. This Instant I am pursu'd by a mighty Giant.

Quix. Oh, most adorable *Dulcinea* ! unless some Affair of your own forbid, permit your Knight to undertake this Adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me less ; Oh ! the Devil take all Giant Adventures, now shall I have my Bones broke, I'd give an Arm or two to secure the rest with all my Heart, I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

Quix. *Sancho*, come here ! Stand thou in the Front, and receive the first Onset of the Enemy, that so I may wait a proper Opportunity, while the Giant is aiming at thy Head, to strike off his.

San. Ah, Sir, I have been a Squire-Erranting to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my Master. Beside, Sir, every Man in his Way. I am the worst Man in the World at the beginning of the Battle, but a very Devil at the end of it.

S C E N E X.

John, Fairlove, *Don Quixote*, *Dorothea*, *Jezebel*.

John. Oh Sir, undone, ruin'd ! Sir *Thomas* himself is the Inn ; you are discover'd, and here he comes with hundred and fifty People, to fetch away Madam *Dorothea*.

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thousand — I'll shew him one single Knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thousand Thanks, great Knight ; by Heaven's I'll die by your Side, before I'll lose her.

Quix. Now, thou most adorable Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*, now shine with all thy Influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [*Within*] Where is my Daughter, Villains ? where is my Daughter ?

Quix. Oh, thou cursed Giant *Tergilicombo*, too well I know thy Voice ; have at thee, Caitif.

Dor. Dear *Jezebel*, I am frighten'd out of my Wits, my Father Mr. or *Fairlove* will be destroy'd — I am resolv'd I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own Danger put an end to the Fray.

Jez. Do so, and in the mean time I'll into the Closet, and put an end to a small Bottle I have there ; I protest I am horribly frighten'd myself.

S C E N E XI.

Sancho solus.

There they are at it Pell-mell, who will be knock'd on the Head I know not ; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be *Sancho*. I have made a shift to escape this Bout, but I shall never get out of this cursed fighting Country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some Pounds of poor *Sancho* behind me ; if this be the effect of *English* Beef and

and Pudding, would I were in *Spain* again. I begin to think this House or Castle is charmed; nay, I fancy the Devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but Battles, since we have been here. My Bones are not the Bones they were a Fortnight ago, nor are they in the same Places. As to my Skin the Rainbow is a Fool to it for Colours; it is like—What is it like? Ecod 'tis like nothing but my Master's. Well, Master of mine, if you do get the Day you deserve it, I'll say that for you; and if you are well drub'd, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the Princess and be hang'd to her? Besides I verily believe she's no more a Princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other Mens Matters. I seldom see any Meat got by winding up another Man's Jack. I'll e'en take this Opportunity, and while all the rest are knocking one another on the Head, I'll into the Pantry and stuff both Guts and Wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

Sir Thomas, Dorothea.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious Girl, see what your curfed Inclinations have occasion'd!

Dor. I'm sure they are the Cause of my Misery; if *Fairlove* be destroy'd, I never shall enjoy a Moment's Quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a Manner, that the rest of his Life shall not be much worth wishing for.

Dor. Thus on my Knees, Sir, I intreat you by all the Tendernefs you ever profess'd to me! by all the Joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the Pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure *Fairlove*. You can inflict no Punishment on him, but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his Heart? Is it not enough to rob my Eyes of what they

love more than Light or than themselves? Hinder me from all those Scenes of Bliss, I'd painted to myself? Oh, hear me, Sir, or kill me, and do not make this Life you gave a Curse.

Sir Tho. Away, you're no Child of mine.

Dor. Wou'd you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that Thought would be some Comfort in his Absence—I might perhaps bear to be no Partaker of his Happiness, but not so of his Sufferings; were he in a Palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a Prison, not all the Powers on Earth should keep me from him.

S C E N E XIII.

Guzzle, Mrs. Guzzle, Constable, Don Quixote, Fairlove, John.

Guz. We have made a shift, an't please your Worship, to secure this mad Fellow at last; but he has done us more Mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us Reparation for.

Mrs. Guz. Our House is ruin'd for ever, there is not one whole Window in it; the Stage-Coachman swears he'll never bring a Company to it again. There's Miss *Sneak* above in Fits, and Mr. *Sneak*, poor Man, is crying, and Madam *Sneak*, she's a swearing and stamping like a Dragoon.

Sir Tho. Mr. *Fairlove*, you shall answer for this—As for that poor Fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Hark'e, Fellow, what did this Gentleman give you to do all this Mischief?

Quix. It is your Time now, and you may use it. I perceive this Adventure is not reserv'd for me, therefore I must submit to the Enchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me, you Rascal?

Quix. Poor Wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious Words.

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will so.

Quix. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the Giant *Tergilicombo*? — yet think not because I submit to my Fortune, that I fear thee; No, the time will come, when I shall see thee the Prey of some more happy Knight.

Sir Tho. I'll Knight you, you Dog, I will.

Mrs. Guz. Do you hear, Husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his Worship, than if he were talking to a Fidler.

Guz. I wish your Worship would send him to Goal, he seems to look most cursedly Mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under Lock and Key.

Fair. *Sir Thomas*, I do not deserve this usage at your Hands; and tho' my Love to your Daughter hath made me hitherto Passive, do not carry the Thing too far; for be assured if you do you shall answer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, Sir, we are not afraid of that.

S C E N E XIV.

Squire Badger, Sir Thomas, Dorothea, Fairlove, Don Quixote, Mrs. Guzzle.

Badg. Oons! what's the Matter with you all? Is the Devil in the Inn that you won't let a Man sleep? I was as fast on the Table as if I had been in a Feather-bed. —

'Sbud, what's the Matter? Where's my Lord *Slang*?

Sir Tho. Dear Squire, let me intreat you would go to Bed, you are a little heated with Wine.

Badg. Oons, Sir! do you say that I am drunk? I say, Sir, that I am as sober as a Judge; and if any Man says that I am drunk, Sir, he's a Liar, and a Son of a Whore. My Dear, an't I — sober now?

Dor. O nauseous, filthy Wretch!

Badg. 'Fore *George*, a good pretty Wench ; I'll have a Kiss ; I'll warrant she's twice as handsom as my Wife, that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear Sir, this is my Daughter.

Badg. Sir, I don't care whose Daughter she is.

Dor. For Heaven's sake, some body defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, Dogs ! Villain ! thou hadst better eat thy Fingers than lay 'em rudely on that Lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr. *Badger*, this is my Daughter, the young Lady to whom you intended your Addresses.

Badg. Well, Sir, and an't I making Addresses to her, Sir, Hey ?

Sir Tho. Let me beseech you, Sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Badg. Pr'ythee, dost thou know who I am ? I fanfy if thou didst know who I was, thou wou'dst not talk to me so ; if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a Knock. Come, Madam, since I have promis'd to marry you, since I can't be off with Honour, as they say ; why, the sooner it's done, the better ; let us send for a Parson and be married, now I'm in the Humour. 'Sbodlikins ! I find there's nothing in making Love, when a Man's but once got well into't. I never made a Word of Love before in my Life ; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound Prentice to it.

Quix. Sir, one Word with you, if you please ; I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of Person.

Sir Tho. What ?

Quix. That you are capable of managing your Affairs ; that you don't stand in need of a Governor.

Sir Tho. Hey !

Quix. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can preter that Wretch, who is a Scandal to his very Species, to this Gentleman, whose Person and Parts would be an Honour to the greatest of it.

Sir Tho. Has he made you his Advocate? Tell him, I can prefer Three Thousand to One.

Quix. The usual Madness of Mankind! Do you marry your Daughter for her sake, or your own? If for her's, sure 'tis something whimsical, to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a Thing well worth considering in these Affairs; but Parents always regard it too much, and Lovers too little. No Match can be happy, which Love and Fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest Addition of either, illy supplies the intire Absence of the other; nor wou'd Millions a Year make that Beast, in your Daughter's Eye, preferable to this Youth with a Thousand.

Sir Tho. What have we here, a Philosophical Pimp! I can't help saying, but the Fellow has some Truth on his Side.

Dor. You are my eternal Aversion.

Badg. Lookye, Madam, I can take a Joke, or so, but if you are in earnest —

Dor. Indeed I am, I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

Badg. Do you, then you may kiss. — 'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your Daughter has affronted me here. Sir, what's your Name, and I'll have Satisfaction?

Quix. Oh, that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

Badg. Sir, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My Daughter, Sir —

Badg. Sir, your Daughter, Sir, is a Son of a Whore, Sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my Lord *Slang*. A Fig for you and your Daughter too; I'll have Satisfaction. [*Exit.*]

Quix. A *Turk* wou'd scarce marry a Christian Slave to such a Husband.

Sir Tho. How this Man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your Prisoner. Mr. *Fairlove*, can you forgive me? Can I make you any Reparation for the Injustice I have shewn you on this Wretch's Account?

Fair.

Fair. } Ha!
Dor. }

Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former Promises to you, can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no Reason to doubt, your Love for my Daughter will continue, you have my Consent to consummate as soon you please; hers, I believe you have already.

Fair. Oh Transport! Oh blest Moment!

Dor. No Consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR

AIR XIV.



Fair. *Thus the Merchant, who with Pleasure,
Long adventur'd on the Main,
Hugging fast his darling Treasure,
Gaily smiles
On past Toils,
Well repaid for all his Pain.*

She.

She. *Thus the Nymph whom Dream affrighting,
With her Lover's Death alarms,
Wakes with Transports all delighting;
Madly blest,
When carest
In his warm entwining Arms.*

Mrs. Guz. Lard bless 'em! who cou'd have parted them, that hadn't a Heart of Oak!

Quix. Here are the Fruits of Knight-Errantry for you. This is an Instance of what admirable Service we are to Mankind. — I find, some Adventures are reserv'd for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Sir Tho. *Don Quixote de la Mancha*! Is it possible that you can be the real *Don Quixote de la Mancha*?

Quix. Truly, Sir, I have had so much ado with Inchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself, or no.

Sir Tho. Sir, I honour you much; I have heard of your great Atchievements in *Spain*; what brought you to *England*, noble *Don*?

Quix. A Search of Adventures, Sir; no Place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous Stock of Monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.

Don Quixote, Sir Thomas, Fairlove, Dorothea, Guzzle, Mrs. Guzzle, Brief, Dr. Drench.

Brief. I'll have Satisfaction, I won't be us'd after this manner for nothing, while there is either Law, or Judge, or Justice, or Jury, or Crown-Office, or Actions of Damages, or on the Case, or Trespasses, or Assaults, and Batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter, Mr. Counseller?

Brief. Oh, *Sir Thomas*! I am abus'd, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismember'd, kill'd, mas-
sacred

sacred, and murder'd, by this Rogue, Robber, Rascal, Villain. I shan't be able to appear at *Westminster-Hall* the whole Term; it will be as good a Three Hundred Pounds out of my Pocket as was ever taken.

Drench. If this Madman be not blooded, cupped, sweat-ed, blister'd, vomited, purg'd, this Instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of Phrensy; his next Paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

Brief. Pshaw! the Man is no more mad than I am — I should be finely off if he could be prov'd *Non compos mentis*; 'tis an easy thing for a Man to pretend Madness *Ex post facto*.

Drench. Pretend Madness! give me leave to tell you, Mr. *Brief*, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by Symptoms, Sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are Symptoms for you, if you come to that.

Drench. Very plain Symptoms of Madness, I think.

Brief. Very fine, indeed! very fine Doctrine! very fine, indeed! a Man's beating of another is a Proof of Madness; so that if a Man be indicted, he has nothing to do, but to plead, *Non compos mentis*, and he's acquitted of course; so there's an end of all Actions of Assaults and Battery at once.

SCENE XVI.

Sir Thomas, Cook, Don Quixote, Sancho, Fairlove,

Dr. Drench, Servants baling in Sancho.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along! Ah Master, no wonder you have complain'd so long of missing your Victuals, for all the time we were out in the Yard, this Rogue has been stuffing his Guts in the Pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he cou'd not eat, he has cramb'd into that great Sack there, which he calls a Wallet.

Quix.

Quix. Thou Scandal to the Name of Squire! wilt thou eternally bring Shame on thy Master by these little pilfering Tricks!

San. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good Master of mine; the Receiver's as bad as the Thief; and you have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your Adventures, to see the Inside of the Wallet, as well as I. What a Pox, are these your Errantry Tricks, to leave your Friends in the Lurch?

Quix. Slave! Caitif!

Sir Tho. Dear Knight, be not angry with the trusty *Sancho*, you know by the Laws of Knight-Errantry, stuffing the Wallet has still been the Privilege of the Squire.

San. If this Gentleman be a Knight-Errant, I wish he wou'd make me his Squire.

Quix. I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, be easy. Whatever you may have suffer'd by Mr. *Sancho*, or his illustrious Master, I'll see you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my House, noble Knight, and be present at my Daughter's Wedding with this Gentleman, we will do the best in our Power for your Entertainment.

Quix. Sir, I accept your Offer, and, unless any immediate Adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare *Sancho*! this is brave News, i'faith! Give me your Wedding-Adventures, the Devil take all the rest.

Drench. Sure, Sir *Thomas*, you will not take a Madman home with you to your House.

Quix. I have heard thee, thou ignorant Wretch, throw that Word in my Face, with Patience; for alas! cou'd it be prov'd, what were it more than almost all Mankind in some degrees deserve? Who would doubt the noisy boist'rous Squire, who was here just now, to be mad? Must not this noble Knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his Daughter to such a Wretch? You, Doctor,

tor, are mad too, tho' not so mad as your Patients. The Lawyer here is mad, or he wou'd not have gone into a Scuffle, when it is the Business of Men of his Profession to set other Men by the Ears, and keep clear themselves.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether this Knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself.

Fair. Perhaps, *Sir Thomas*, that is no such difficult Point.

A I R XV. Country Bumpkin.



*All Mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
Some for Places,
Some Embraces;
Some are mad to keep up Gain,
And others mad to spend it.
Courtiers we may Madmen rate,
Poor Believers
In Deceivers;
Some are mad to hurt the State,
And others mad to mend it.*

Dor.

*Lawyers are for Bedlam fit,
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the Rogueries to commit,
Which we're so mad to let 'em.
Poets Madmen are no doubt,
With Projectors,
And Directors;
Women all are mad throughout,
And we more mad to get 'em,*

Since

*Don Quixote in England.**Since your Madness is so plain,**Each Spectator**Of Good-Nature,**With Applause will entertain**His Brother of La Mancha;**With Applause will entertain**Don Quixote and Squire Sancho.**F I N I S.*



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